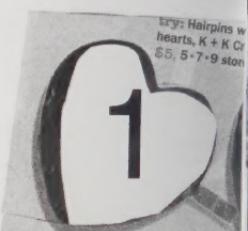
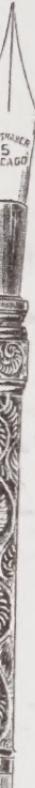


**PRISM**  
PEACE COLLEGE

2009

66 ee cummings said a poet  
is "Someone who is abnormally  
fond of that precision which  
creates movement." which is  
to say the highest form of  
concentration possible:  
fascination; to report on the  
electrifying experience  
of being.<sup>99</sup>

SABRINA WARD HARRISON



try: Hairpins w/  
hearts. K + K Cr  
\$5, 5-7-9 stan

Abigail E. McCourt

## Discovery

Discovery...

Does it mean to  
control, conquer, and destroy?

As history unfolds our books tell us it was the

"Discovery of the Americas".

But what remains of their "discovery" today?

The Native Americans.

The Mayas,

The Incas,

The Aztecs.

Silence.

They have no history.

We erase it from our minds, our curiosities, our cares.

What's left of the brilliant's masterpieces we have forgotten  
about?

They're separated.

We build a wall to shelter our minds

And the minds of our children.

And let ourselves consciously and subconsciously

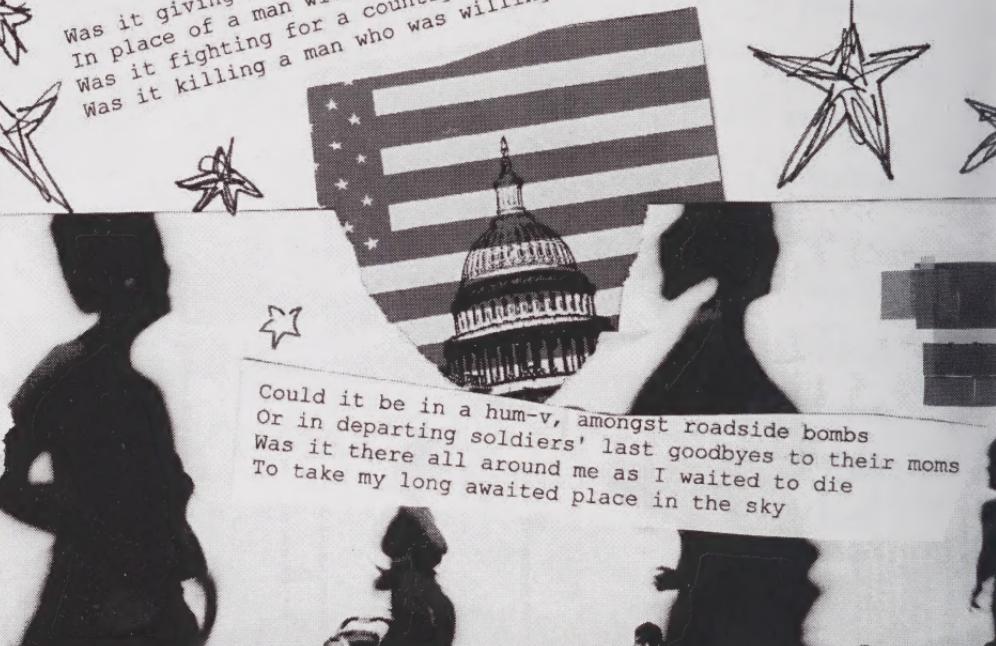
fall prey to the belief of the inferiority of race.

# The Day That I Died

Jessica Dionne

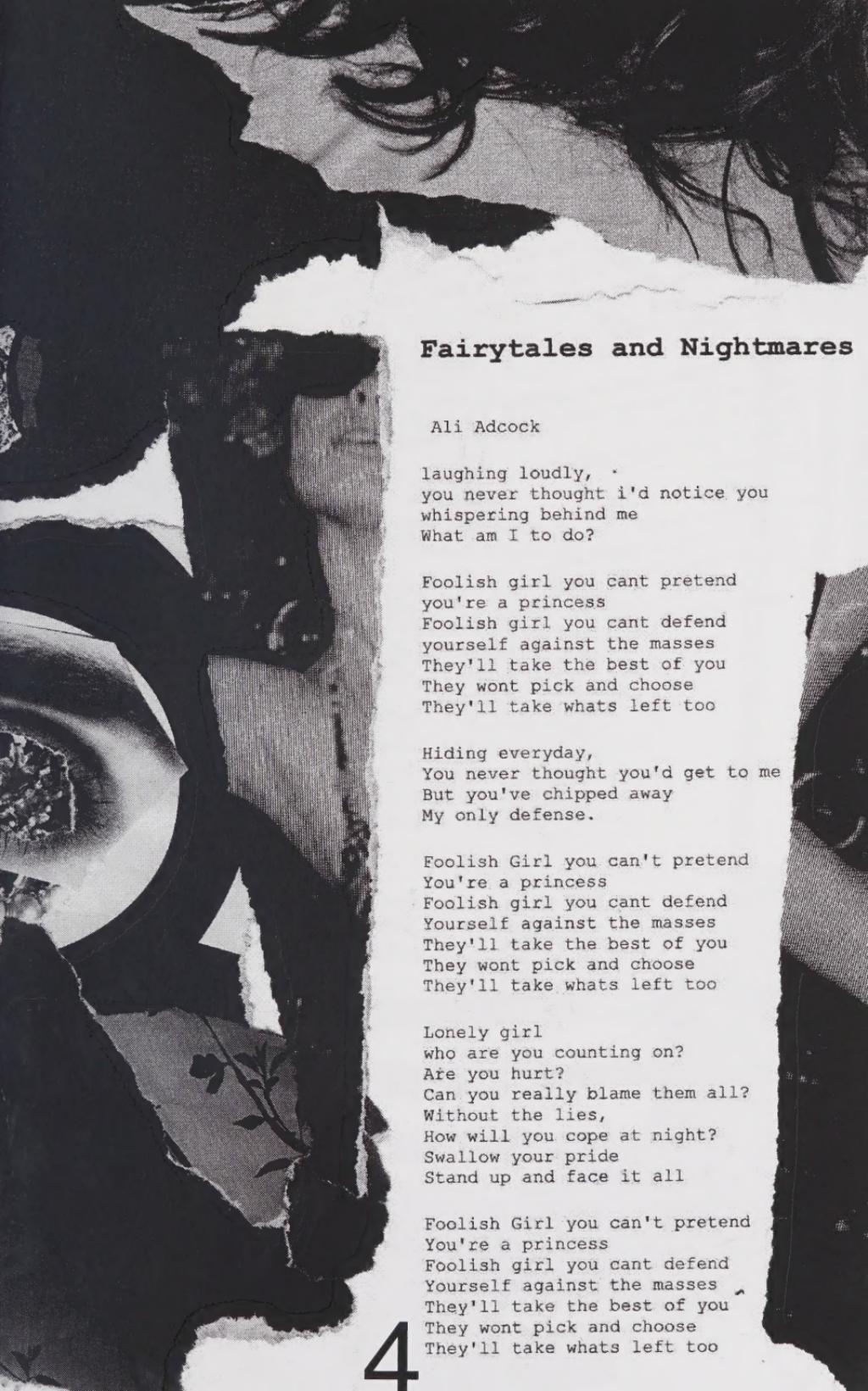
The day that I died was not peaceful or warm  
It was cold and unyielding like the rage of a storm  
The day that I died I had unfinished strife  
I was talking with God about the purpose of life  
Was it here in the barracks or out under fire  
Or amongst broken bodies beneath the telephone wires

Was it giving a life so another may live  
In place of a man with a wife and a kid  
Was it fighting for a country of the forgetting and ungrateful  
Was it killing a man who was willing and able



Could it be in a hum-v, amongst roadside bombs  
Or in departing soldiers' last goodbyes to their moms  
Was it there all around me as I waited to die  
To take my long awaited place in the sky

The day that I died was not peaceful or warm  
But they took me away from the rage of the storm.



## Fairytales and Nightmares

Ali Adcock

laughing loudly,  
you never thought i'd notice you  
whispering behind me  
What am I to do?

Foolish girl you can't pretend  
you're a princess  
Foolish girl you can't defend  
yourself against the masses  
They'll take the best of you  
They won't pick and choose  
They'll take what's left too

Hiding everyday,  
You never thought you'd get to me  
But you've chipped away  
My only defense.

Foolish Girl you can't pretend  
You're a princess  
Foolish girl you can't defend  
Yourself against the masses  
They'll take the best of you  
They won't pick and choose  
They'll take what's left too

Lonely girl  
who are you counting on?  
Are you hurt?  
Can you really blame them all?  
Without the lies,  
How will you cope at night?  
Swallow your pride  
Stand up and face it all

Foolish Girl you can't pretend  
You're a princess  
Foolish girl you can't defend  
Yourself against the masses  
They'll take the best of you  
They won't pick and choose  
They'll take what's left too

## My Little Sister Bradina

I'm missing something, I'm always missing something  
I dig deeper in the drawer and tear through the closet, "she's  
got it, I know she's got it"  
Why does my little sister always steal my stuff?  
"I want to be like you", she replies  
Big brown eyes, long legs, kind and tender ways, she's growing  
like a weed  
She is so beautiful, why would my little sister want to be like  
me?  
Time turns, years pass  
Her calls recap her daily passions at fast paced quips  
She is busy  
I hear the baby gabbing or is it singing, it is hard to tell at  
this age  
I visualize my sister, her big brown eyes, long legs and kind  
and tender ways  
I am missing something, I'm always missing something  
I dig deeper in my mind and tear through my memories  
"She's got it; I know she's got it"  
Why does my little sister always steal my heart?

Brenda Jean Davis



## Horizon

Dynamo of Destruction.  
All that remains are  
Crimson streaks of

The  
Past.

Kimmie Grimes

Lauren Manns

Blank

There is nothing on the paper  
Nothing on my mind  
Nothing that I can think of  
I can't even find a rhyme

I think of you forever  
Hoping things may come  
To mind filling this paper  
But I just sit here looking dumb

I thought that this would be easy  
Writing poems about you  
Instead I find myself thinking  
Of other things to do

I really thought I loved you  
Until I tried to think  
Of what I could use to describe you  
The words that are in my head-  
Wait, I've drawn a blank.

Her

Joanne Freeland

Living Death  
Secrets Exposed  
Memories Expire  
Laughter Fades

Missing her  
The smallest Glare  
Faint Heartbeats  
Touches Unnoticed

Wanting Her  
Body and Soul  
Longing For that Pleasure  
Only she can give

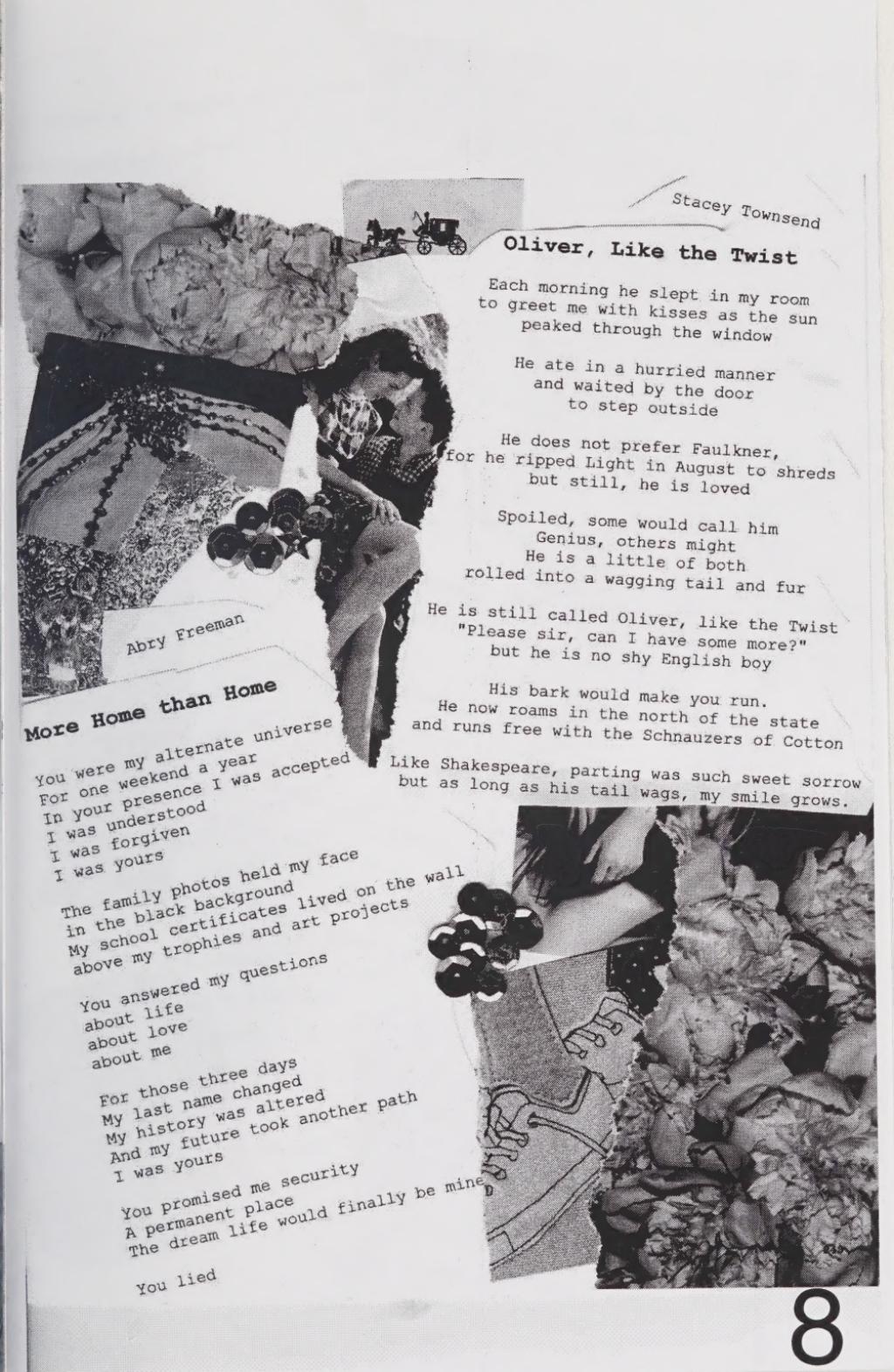
My Soul in her Heart  
My kiss on her lips  
My Heart in her Hands  
Myself on the Floor

Begging for her Mercy  
Hard Eyes that Stare  
Tearing me Apart  
All erased from your Look  
No matter what I say  
You are in Charge  
If only You knew  
Lover of my Dark Soul  
Smasher of my Lost Heart  
Stay with me My Girl...  
Stay with me...

Megan Langlois

### *Mountains in the sky*

They stream from rivers high  
To mountains in the sky  
Such splendor in their being  
During dawn and dusk  
Heavenly colors pour into  
Such creations in the sky  
They alone are free to fly  
From vast ocean to  
Ever changing land  
To see what human eyes  
Shall never behold



Stacey Townsend

## Oliver, Like the Twist

Each morning he slept in my room  
to greet me with kisses as the sun  
peaked through the window

He ate in a hurried manner  
and waited by the door  
to step outside

He does not prefer Faulkner,  
for he ripped Light in August to shreds  
but still, he is loved

Spoiled, some would call him  
Genius, others might  
He is a little of both  
rolled into a wagging tail and fur

He is still called Oliver, like the Twist  
"Please sir, can I have some more?"  
but he is no shy English boy

His bark would make you run.  
He now roams in the north of the state  
and runs free with the Schnauzers of Cotton

Like Shakespeare, parting was such sweet sorrow  
but as long as his tail wags, my smile grows.

## More Home than Home

You were my alternate universe  
For one weekend a year  
In your presence I was accepted  
I was understood  
I was forgiven  
I was yours

The family photos held my face  
in the black background  
My school certificates and art projects  
above my trophies and art projects

You answered my questions  
about life  
about love  
about me

For those three days  
My last name changed  
My history was altered  
And my future took another path  
I was yours

You promised me security  
A permanent place  
The dream life would finally be mine  
You lied

# The Academic Calendar

Dallas Thompson

In August, I thought about you

When I bought new shoes

And wondered if you would

Like them

Or like me in them

Or like me at all

In September, I once more

Pretended

That it doesn't matter

That you're gone

In October, I wondered what

you'd think of politics

Today

Of what advice you'd give me

About all of this

Come November, and the

Air

Turned cold and I remembered

How it felt to snuggle with you

In my warm bed

Child and mother.

In December, I turned 24

I didn't get a gift from you

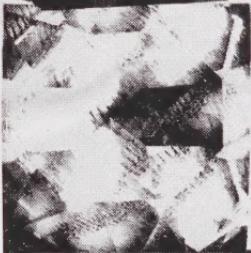
And I thought

About Christmas lists past

And wondered

How you saw me

And what I meant to you



In January, I hugged my friends  
And watched the ball  
And the acorn

Drop

Thinking of all the things that I  
Hope the New Year holds for me  
And wondering what it might have  
Held for you

In February, I ignored you.

In March, I realized  
A decade had passed

And you were still gone  
And going still  
Fading from who I am  
With no further input  
Into who I will be.

In April,

Christ died  
And came again.  
Our roles reversed, In May,  
I felt for Mary. I'll get my diploma  
And realize the last thing  
You saw me graduate from  
Was the 7th grade  
And I'll wonder  
As always  
What you would think  
If you could ever know  
Me.





### Drinking Won't Help

Drink, it won't change things.

Help! The problem still remains!

Try solving it instead.

Melissa Sullivan

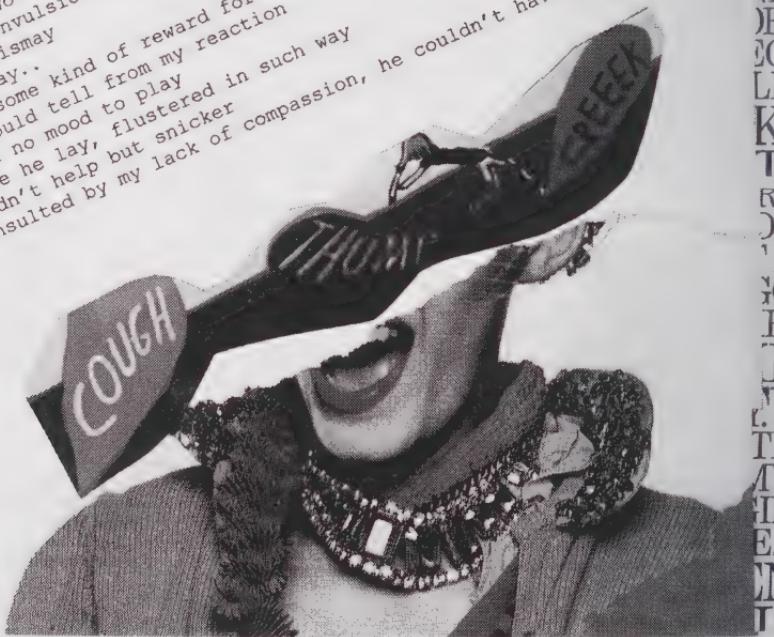
### A Bump In the Night

Alessandra Motola

A tryst of two begins at last  
A violent convulsion - What, so fast?  
And to my Dismay..

There he lay..  
Awaiting some kind of reward for his actions  
But he could tell from my reaction  
I was in no mood to play

So there he lay, flustered in such way  
I couldn't help but snicker  
And insulted by my lack of compassion, he couldn't have left any quicker



### Kamikaze Tears

When she cries the tears stand in line  
To take one last leap for all time.  
U.. A pain twinges in her stomach -  
The troops of tears gather to deploy  
And take her from her misery.  
One by one in honor of her  
They trail down her face  
In hopes to help her erase  
The aches that are the case.  
The brave tears line up and fall out  
To serve in hopes her pain will cease  
And help her to gain an inch of relief.  
These tears, they fall for her  
Always there for her



face

clash crash ash  
i sank,  
you sang,  
i sang,  
clang clang clang  
associations clang  
mean that you're insane.

Heaven Gouch

i can't sleep  
for the week  
for the weak

my face your face  
face it, we're all doomed to the fate of the  
fox on the paved road,  
hit by the girl with the head lice  
and the girl with the head lice  
protons  
electrons  
gone, gone, we're all gone.

Meagan Hightower

## Sentiments

Feelings of hope...

Emotions of love...

Tranquility of peace...

Cherish the embodiment

Of the eminence in living

With immunity to negativity, hatred, and hostility

In order to wipe

Away the pain

Of today and tomorrow

Felicia Plummer

## Today, Yesterday & Tomorrow

Today-

Wake, Wash, Learn, Work, Eat, Bed.

Yesterday-

Wake, Wash, Learn, Work, Eat, Bed.

Tomorrow-

Wake, Wash, Learn, Work, Eat, Bed.

Where's the Play button?

Felicia Hilton

### Heart

The gilded hands of passion  
Embraces the rhythmic beating of the heart  
Tightening ever so lightly to secure and protect  
Warmth consumes so purposely manifesting the moonlit dew  
For the prince guards with waves of piercing golden swords lightening  
heaven's gate with peaceful gray  
If sorrow is allowed to consume then desperation and depression  
takes hold  
Plunder not for the speed of heavens grace will encompass and  
deter the drowning of emotions.  
Hold, behold, take hold  
An embrace that invokes a dazzling smile  
Heart smile, spirit wink  
This pulsing organ is yours.

## Panic at the Portela Airport

I traveled by myself for the first time when I was eleven. Flying does not frighten or daunt me in any way. What does frighten me is being forgotten. Each year when I arrive at the Portela Airport in my home country of Portugal, I have a small entourage of people eagerly awaiting my arrival. I am the youngest grandchild in our small family and the only one who lives across the Atlantic Ocean. There is always a good assortment of people waiting for me just outside the baggage-claim area, but the two who never fail to be there are my father and my grandmother. Now, out of safety measures, I never leave the United States without Euros. When I leave Portugal I do not exchange them. I hoard money in general; I refuse to be caught without it. Therefore, I always have enough Euros on me upon arriving at the Portela Airport each year to take a taxi by myself, and enough knowledge of my own city to tell the driver where my home is located. The point is, I don't need my entourage of family, friends, and neighbors in order to get home. I need them because I have to know that Portugal is still my home. Being forgotten is one of my worst fears, a fear which I thought had become reality during my Spring Break vacation in 2006.

In 2006 my mother, stepfather, and I traveled to Portugal together for Spring Break. It was the first time that we were arriving in Portugal through TAP Air Portugal as opposed to Continental Airlines. As I descended the steps into the luggage claim area, the air was thick with Marlboro smoke (In Portugal one is allowed to smoke almost anywhere). Impatient passengers who had been cooped up in their respective airplanes for too long stood there waiting for their suitcases, many of them with a cigarette dangling from their lip. I coughed as the familiar smell assaulted my nostrils.

"Go ahead," said my mother. "We'll wait for the luggage." I nodded and left without the need to be told again. I only had one bag anyway, and I trusted them to bring it back to me safely. I walked out of the smoke-filled room, and with each step my heart pounded louder in my chest. I could feel my pulse, much too fast for my already ruined nervous system. I concentrated on putting one foot in front of the other and not tripping in front of the crowd. The automatic glass doors opened for me, and my eyes immediately began the usual search for familiar faces.

I did not hear anyone call my name as they usually did. No one was waving their arms in a frenzy to get my attention as was customary amongst those who usually greeted me there on that spot. My father was not walking towards me with outstretched arms the way he always did. Shock. Panic. Hyperventilation. *Calm down and breathe.* I scolded myself. This was not the end of the world. But in reality, being the person that I am, it was.

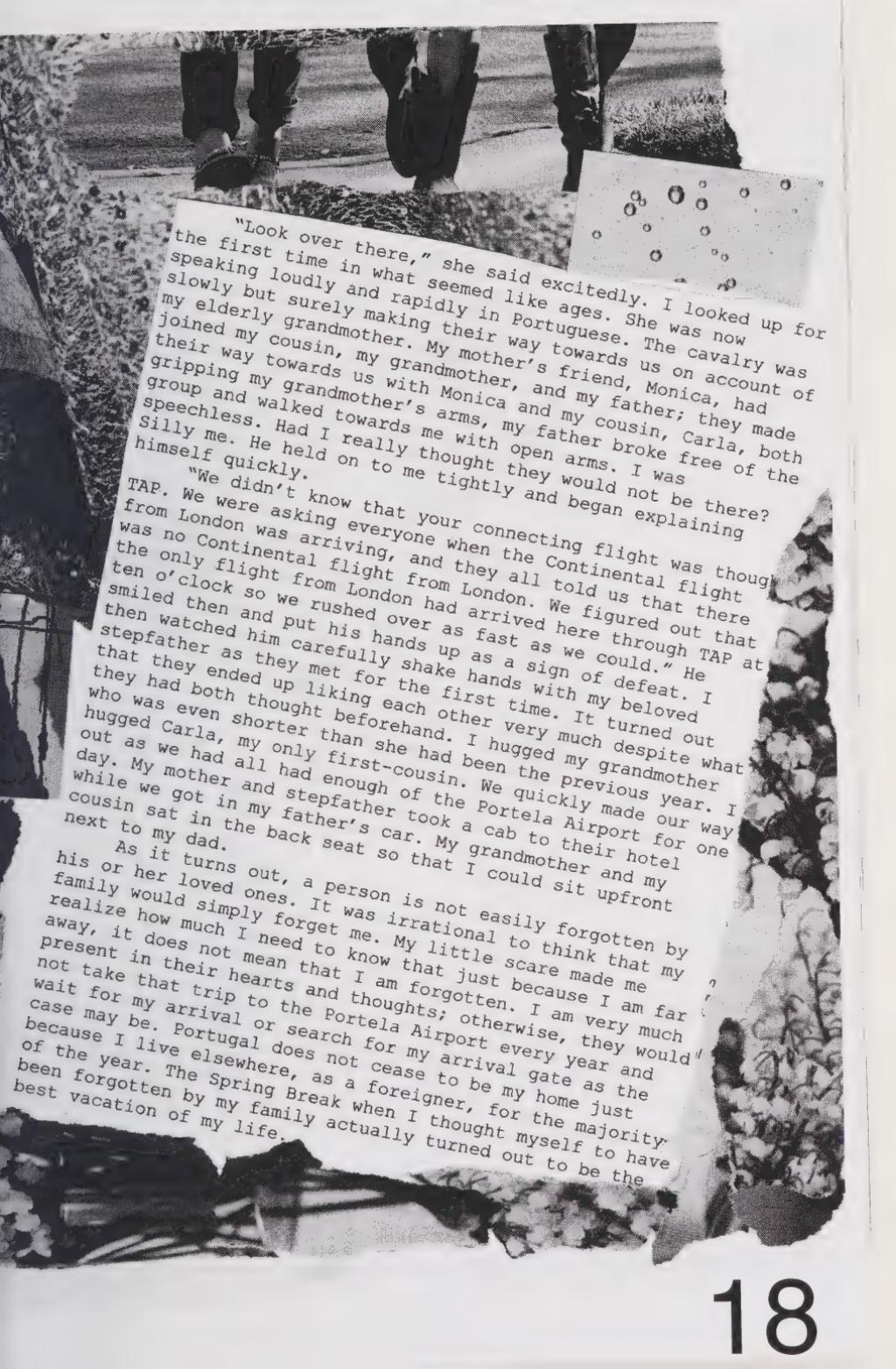
I stepped off the ramp, and the airport seemed more empty than usual. Perhaps this was just an odd hour for planes to arrive, it certainly was later than the time we usually arrived, though it was still morning. Since the airport was emptier than usual it was easy to search for my loved ones in vain. I pivoted around in a circle searching frantically with my farsighted abilities. Nothing. No one was there waiting for me for the first time since I had moved to the United States. Where was my family? Had they forgotten me? Tears welled up in my eyes. I sat down on a nearby bench and waited. Whether I was waiting for my entourage to show up, for my mother and stepfather to arrive with our luggage, or both, I did not know. I stopped looking around, as it was futile. Finally, my mother and stepfather came down the ramp with the two carts that held our luggage.

"Where is everyone?" My mother asked. She too, was used to being greeted by her ex-husband and others. I was boiling mad. I just shrugged in response to her question, feeling the heat creep up my face as I tried not to shed the tears at the corners of my eyes. My stepfather did not understand what was going on, as he had never traveled to Portugal with my mother and me.

"I thought your ex-husband was supposed to be here," he commented not at all aware of the gravity of the situation, not to mention that he was not looking forward to meeting my father. My mother on the other hand was not angry, just confused as she looked around the airport as I had earlier.

"Did they forget what time we were coming?" She asked no one in particular. She has always had a habit of talking to herself.

"Well, we can just take a taxi," said my stepfather. I was disgusted with the world around me; therefore, I made no comments. *How do you forget what time your own daughter is arriving? How can you forget your only daughter?* I thought. My mother was still looking around as if she could will them to just appear.



"Look over there," she said excitedly. I looked up for the first time in what seemed like ages. She was now speaking loudly and rapidly in Portuguese. The cavalry was slowly but surely making their way towards us on account of my elderly grandmother. My mother's friend, Monica, had joined my cousin, my grandmother, and my father; they made their way towards us with Monica and my cousin, Carla, both gripping my grandmother's arms, my father broke free of the group and walked towards me with open arms. I was speechless. Had I really thought they would not be there? Silly me. He held on to me tightly and began explaining himself quickly.

"We didn't know that your connecting flight was thought from London was arriving, and they all told us that there was no Continental flight from London. We figured out that the only flight from London had arrived here through TAP at ten o'clock so we rushed over as fast as we could." He smiled then and put his hands up as a sign of defeat. I then watched him carefully shake hands with my beloved stepfather as they met for the first time. It turned out that they ended up liking each other very much despite what they had both thought beforehand. I hugged my grandmother who was even shorter than she had been the previous year. I hugged Carla, my only first-cousin. We quickly made our way out as we had all had enough of the Portela Airport for one day. My mother and stepfather took a cab to their hotel while we got in my father's car. My grandmother and my cousin sat in the back seat so that I could sit upfront next to my dad.

As it turns out, a person is not easily forgotten by his or her loved ones. It was irrational to think that my family would simply forget me. My little scare made me realize how much I need to know that just because I am far away, it does not mean that I am forgotten. I am very much present in their hearts and thoughts; otherwise, they would not take that trip to the Portela Airport every year and wait for my arrival or search for my arrival gate as the case may be. Portugal does not cease to be my home just because I live elsewhere, as a foreigner, for the majority of the year. The Spring Break when I thought myself to have been forgotten by my family actually turned out to be the best vacation of my life.

Ode to Mother  
Melissa Ruth Sullivan

Ah...mother, mother with fidelity so fine  
How many times have I wished that you weren't mine!  
I think your mouth could go on for about a thousand miles!

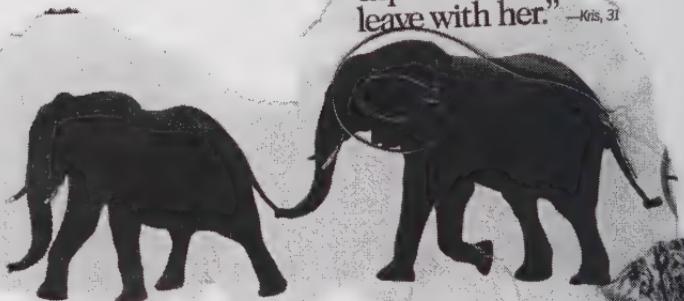
I prod and poke in trifles you turn to trials.  
Not once but twice you've told me not to waste water while

But you needn't tell me twice in the same hour!  
Your love, care and virtue have absorbed my spongy heart!  
But as for the dryer, I know it won't go till I press

Carrots and peas, you've told me how to heat them  
It really doesn't matter though i'm still not gonna eat 'em  
Wherever I go I know you will always love me.  
Please don't lose that for your love should never release

One more thing I must say before I stop my youthful ode.  
You don't need to tell me anymore to put toilet paper on  
the commode.

"...she expects me to leave with her." —Kris, 31



## Turning Pages

Learn the truth  
Delve deeper into a lie  
Curse a name  
Praise another  
Laugh  
Cry  
Scream  
Gasp  
Follow closely  
Connect the clues  
Realize our place in the nation, world, and universe  
Think about the past, future, and present  
Make changes  
Fall in love  
Drop your old lover like a bad habit  
Stand your ground  
Apologize but don't really mean it

No matter what  
You must remember  
To tell another  
You are only on the first page

Abry Freeman

The Tecora  
Candra Hill

The Tecora  
I have kidnapped a group of people from their home,  
Forced them into a land that is not their own,  
I have created a legacy that is shunned upon,  
And now I am done.

I cannot go on,  
Knowing that I have stripped a people of their pride,  
I have great shame that lies inside,

Lord have mercy on me,

Because it is me that made them experience such brutality,  
The further we traveled from coast to coast the more these people lost  
their identity,  
It is me

I am the Tecora,

The ship that is responsible for them losing their names,  
I should be set aflame,  
Unleash these people from their shackles and set them free,  
Instead punish me,  
Because I have tortured their legacy,

I am the Tecora,

The ship that will give its life,  
For those children, young women, and men who underwent much strife.  
Separated from their families,  
Treated as property,

I am the Tecora,

I am responsible for that cruel and unusual punishment,  
I am nothing close to being heaven sent,  
Because my actions were horrid

I am the Tecora,

Pierce my heart,  
As I have destroyed a homeland.  
Dear Africans rest my soul in the sand,  
I hope your futures will rise,  
And be grand.

I am done.

Holly Benge

## I Found Outside

I found outside, a little bug  
And I bid him come with me  
He said his name was Erick  
I said "My Name's Marie!"

I took him to my favorite spot  
Just up the hill on the left  
As his mouth flew open wide  
He said, "This place is deft!"

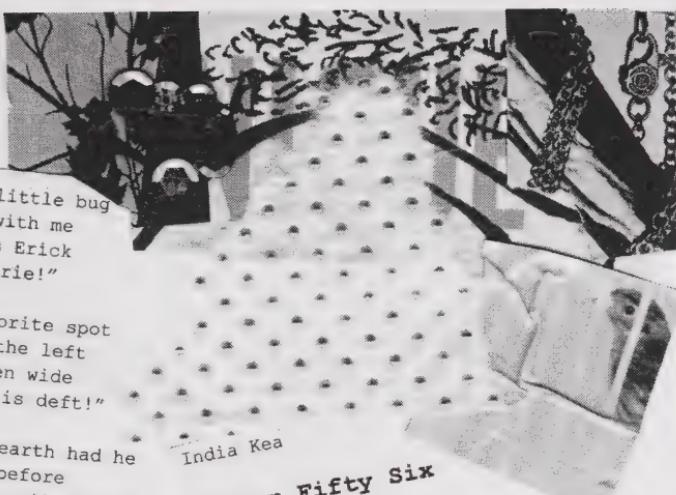
I asked him where on earth had he  
Heard of such a word before  
He seemed pleased and smiled at me  
And said "From my mentor"

"I must admit," I said to him  
"That's kind of silly to hear."  
Then he said "Oh, that's nothing!  
I used to be a cashier!"

Never in my entire life  
Had I heard of bugs with jobs  
When I asked him where he worked,  
He said "At 'Bug Heartthrobs.'"

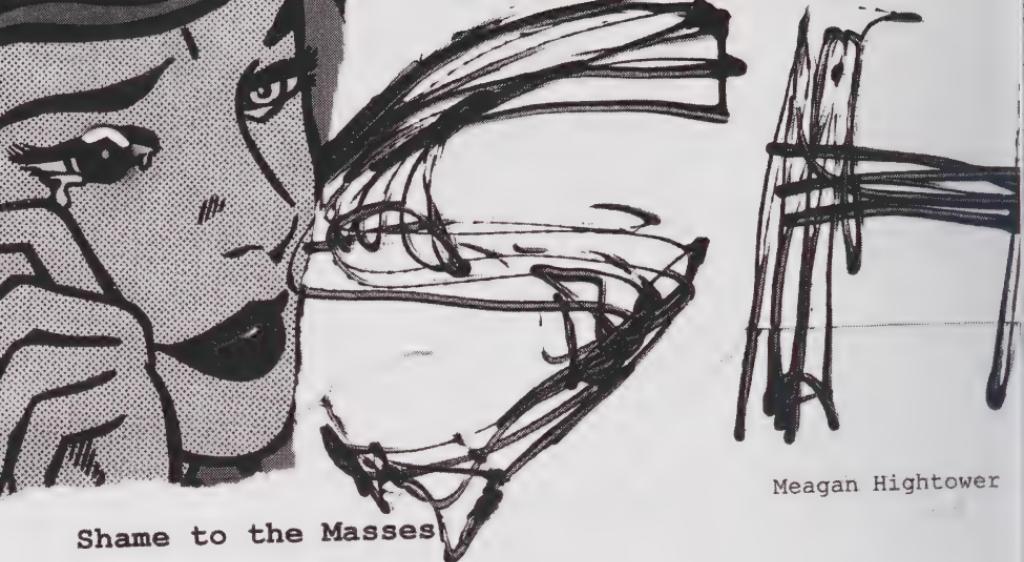
If you're wondering what that is,  
Then you're surely not alone,  
He told me "It's a small store,  
Owned by Jacob the drone."

When asked "What kind of store is it?"  
He turned red and looked away  
Then, quietly, he told me  
"It's dirty lingerie"



## Number Fifty Six

I was lying in my bed  
Curled tightly under my sheets  
All the commotion down the hall  
Is preventing me from my sleep  
If it were me he wouldn't get a chance  
To lay his hands upon my face  
So of course turning over now  
Would simply be a disgrace  
I'm kicking all the covers off  
Time to show him who's the boss  
Oil and water on the stove  
I hope it burns straight to his soul  
I'm waking up all the neighbors up  
Good, I hope they call the cops  
Put him underneath the jail  
No one will come to pay his bail  
But she's not strong enough to  
See them take him down  
She would rather live in hell  
Then throw her baby out  
Nothing can be said to  
Change her weary mind  
Tomorrow he'll be back  
But you won't catch me around



Meagan Hightower

### Shame to the Masses

You didn't believe me when I said I  
wanted to be a writer of sorts...

Shame!

Shame!

SHAME!

Now who is right?

Don't make me repeat it!

Honestly, what will come of this?

Now eat your

Greasy, dog-hearted words and  
Chug them down with cola;

I will not

Accept

A

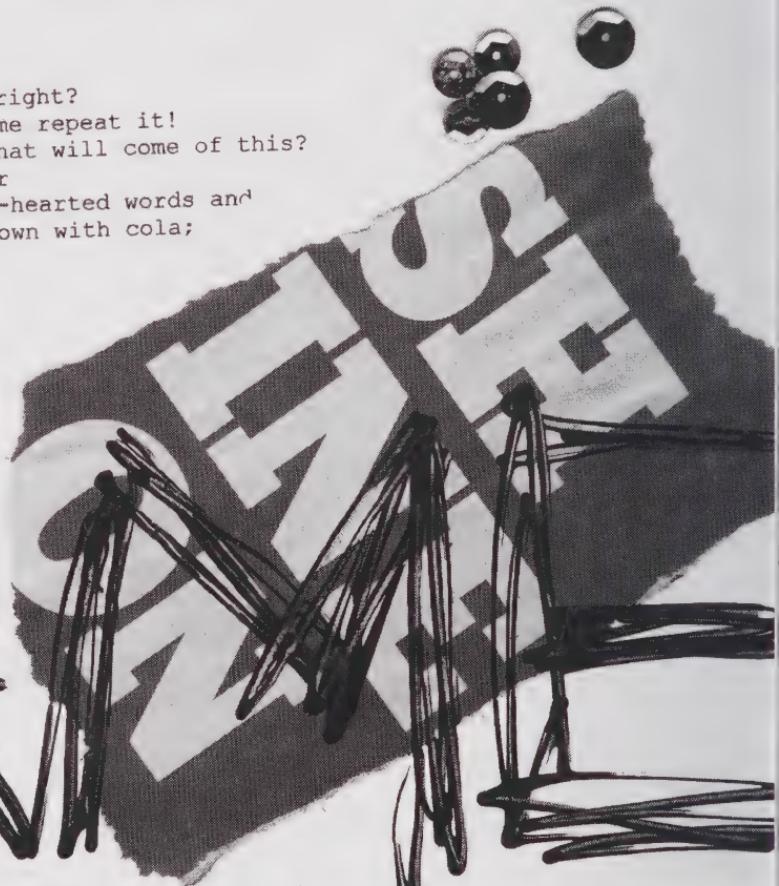
Single

Sorry

Unless

You

Mean it.



India Kea

## Number Eighty One

Something wakes me deep down south  
While you tempt me with your sin  
Currents swarm me deep within  
Drawing sweat beads to my skin  
Oh my love

I'll drench my body in black & white  
For your hands to roam free  
Our spirits will meld into one  
Perfect harmony

Oh my love

My heart tremors as you speak  
How I long to be your melody  
Yes I need you, I'm a fiend  
All day long, you invade my memory  
Oh my love

No distance of land or drifting sea  
Can subdue the effect you have on me  
I'll fill my time with thoughts of you  
While waiting patiently

Oh my love

My peace is fading  
So to you I'll run  
Hear me, I'm calling  
Look for me in the sun

Joanne Freeland

## Restraints

To kill a bird with one stone  
To torture the soul with one look  
To give up on all that was light  
Is to linger where there is no hope

To kill the voice that never spoke  
To blind the eyes that never saw  
To crush the flower that hasn't bloomed  
Is to trap the soul that never grew

To kill the minds that never knew  
To prevent the hands that never tried  
To stop the heart that never loved  
Is to live where there is no sight

Stacey Townsend

### Stage Fright

The dancer does  
her pirouette  
The shoes she  
wears shimmer  
in the light

So scintillating  
to the watchful  
AUDIENCE  
She **captivates**, knowing  
they are only...

Obtrusive.

For in her secret life  
She cheats  
She lies  
She steals  
The heartbreaker and homewrecker  
of the century

Such a conniving performer.



### I Am Strong

I am small  
but I am big  
I laugh so loud  
because I live

I fear no one  
I never back down  
I am strong  
I wear an invisible crown

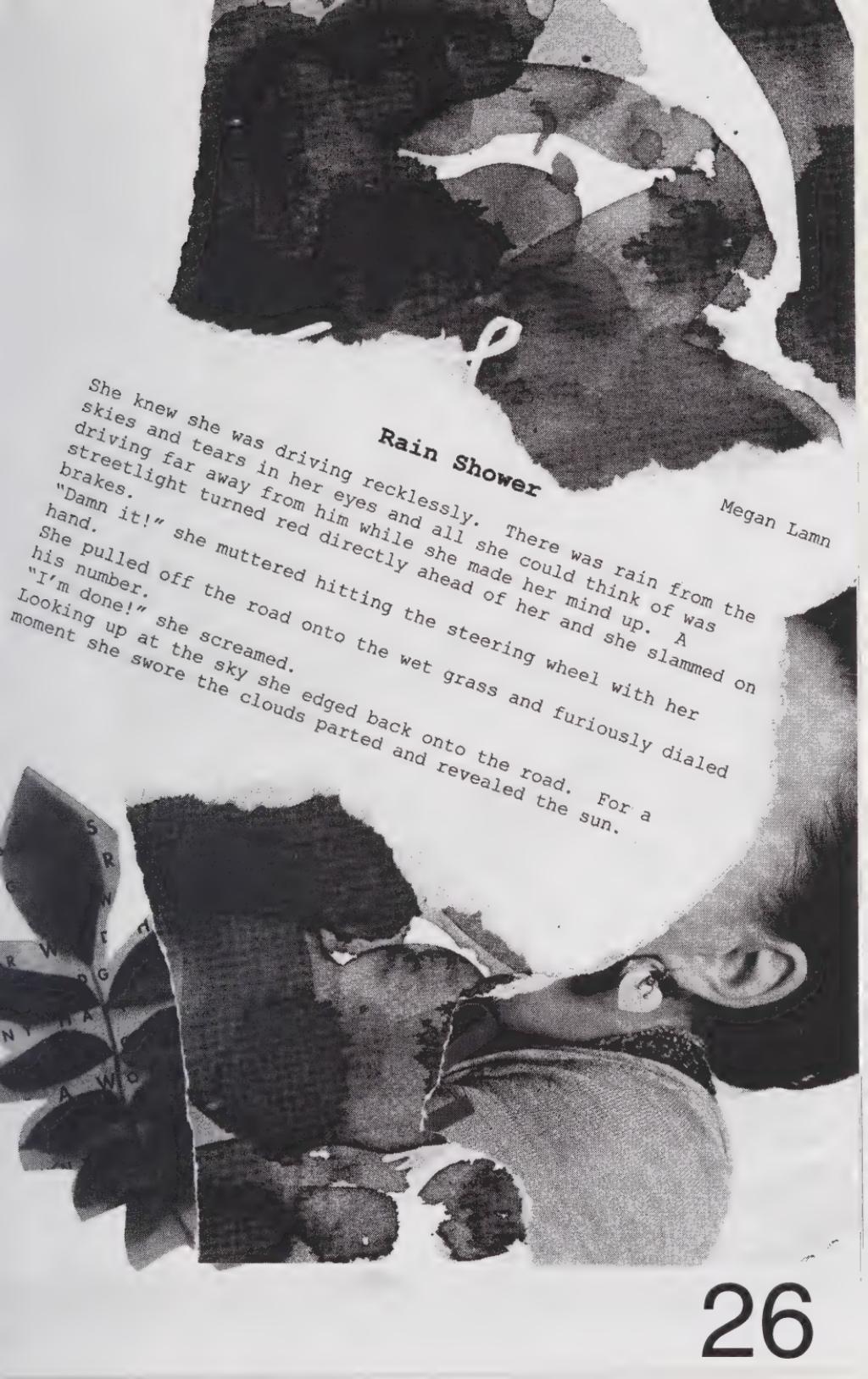
I am strong  
I have to be  
I've learned so much  
I am proud of me

I have been hurt  
but I have let myself heal  
my past is my past  
but at times I can't feel

I am strong  
but I can shut down  
I can leave the world  
I can sink until I drown

But I am amazing  
you see I have to be  
If I never became strong  
I would never be free

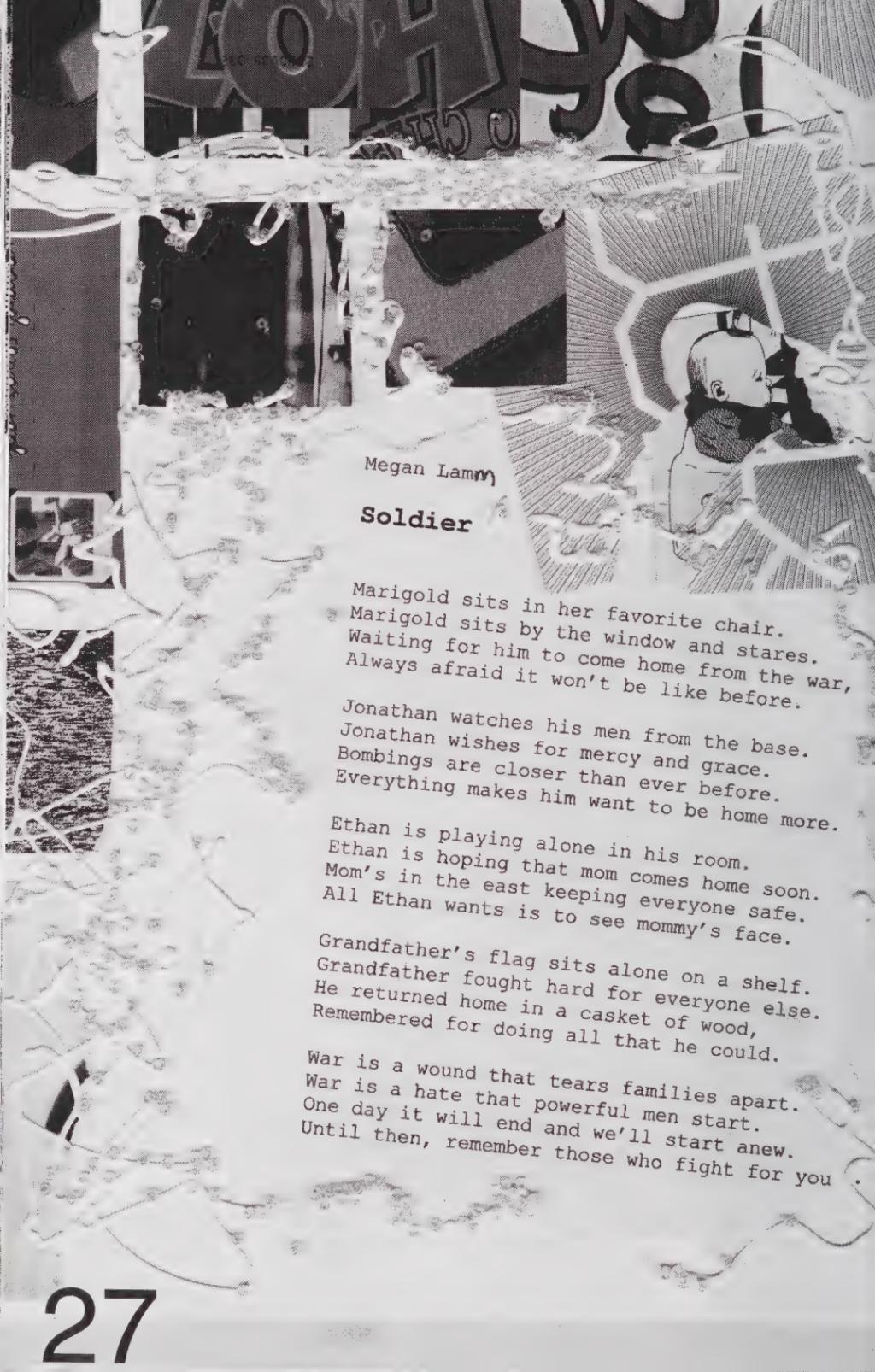




Megan Lamm

### Rain Shower

She knew she was driving recklessly. There was rain from the skies and tears in her eyes and all she could think of was driving far away from him while she made her mind up. A streetlight turned red directly ahead of her and she slammed on brakes. "Damn it!" she muttered hitting the steering wheel with her hand. She pulled off the road onto the wet grass and furiously dialed his number. "I'm done!" she screamed. Looking up at the sky she edged back onto the road. For a moment she swore the clouds parted and revealed the sun.



Megan Lamm

### Soldier

Marigold sits in her favorite chair.  
Marigold sits by the window and stares.  
Waiting for him to come home from the war,  
Always afraid it won't be like before.

Jonathan watches his men from the base.  
Jonathan wishes for mercy and grace.  
Bombings are closer than ever before.  
Everything makes him want to be home more.

Ethan is playing alone in his room.  
Ethan is hoping that mom comes home soon.  
Mom's in the east keeping everyone safe.  
All Ethan wants is to see mommy's face.

Grandfather's flag sits alone on a shelf.  
Grandfather fought hard for everyone else.  
He returned home in a casket of wood,  
Remembered for doing all that he could.

War is a wound that tears families apart.  
War is a hate that powerful men start.  
One day it will end and we'll start anew.  
Until then, remember those who fight for you

Stacey Townsend

## The First Single Is For You

Stolen words from a dance, a burning floor  
I'll dedicate these words & nothing more

I was no rudder, more of a broken oar  
We couldn't get this boat to shore

But I am breaking free this time

Your satin shackles never kept me in line  
The touch was hard & your lips tasted of cheap wine

I am not hurt, but you are not kind

If losing you was just my luck  
I'd give the Lady my love & a fortune cut

Because she'd be a goddess for the ridding of a shmuck

But the simplest way would have been only giving up

The shackles were ripped, I saw the good light

I danced the dance & fought the good fight

When weak coffee & weak cocktails won't settle your mind

You can drown yourself in beach city nights

So take these words & make them heard

Think them curt

Think them absurd

Think them a burn

So you will disappear, & love doesn't keep score

I wrote these words and will write no more

I will walk straight & never contour

Not in your direction, that is for sure.

## Still With Me

Samantha Marshall

I am five years old,  
And you're pulling in the driveway,  
Telling me you missed me  
Giving me presents  
Including cheap imitation Barbies.  
Winter lasted forever,  
But you're always here for spring

Somewhat I'm eleven  
And I've broken a bone,  
Cried all the way to the hospital  
And you rushed home  
You made me a splint,  
Complaining that the E.R. took too long

I'm fourteen and could care less,  
That you hate my makeup,  
And the length of my dress.  
You try to connect  
But I'm just a teenager  
And far too inept

I am nineteen,  
Not able to say goodbye  
Slumped over your bed,  
As you tell me not to cry  
Wishing I told you  
The things I'm sure you know  
Wishing we had more time  
So you could see me grow.

Now I am twenty-three  
And the thing is,  
You're still with me.

Carly A. Naegelen

## Unopened

I sit here all day on a shelf  
Waiting to be opened or rifled.  
The seams from one end to the other bursting  
With knowledge I yearn to share.

I am nothing without eyes upon me.  
Now I just sit here all day,  
Without being glanced upon.

My knowledge grows older and older each day,  
But I always remain the same.

I once was used every day,  
But now I'm cast aside where I lay.

Do they not understand who I contain?  
Hawthorne would shudder to think

That now their eyes are fixated vacantly  
At the shiny pages of Cosmo.

I am filled with great minds coming together  
In a collection of the best  
Yet, here I lay to rest.

Waiting Room

My eyes darted between Maggie and the Doctor. The way he moved scared me. He ran back and forth so fast between the medicine cart and Maggie's side that I knew he was desperate for time. He kept barking orders to the other nurses occasionally turning away to whisper to my parents and Maggie's, gesturing towards me. "I'm not leaving her." Is all I would say.

Life is a funny thing to grasp; one second you're here and the next you're gone. Just a hollow shell left in the place of a once pulsing body. Sometimes I feel like my life is full of frames without pictures, just an idea of what once was. What is worse is that memories I have fade, these vivid images turn into meek shadows only appearing in my dreams. I sometimes talk to my dad about these things but I know it just makes him feel guilty. Guilty for letting me stay there that day.

"Maggie, wait up." I screamed down the street. It was the first day of twelve and under swim practice and I was beyond excited. Maggie and I had spent the previous day picking out which suit to where. All the neighborhood boys belonged to the swim club and Maggie and I were ready to impress them with our matching new hot pink racer backs. Maggie and I were always scheming together...getting ourselves into trouble was what we were good at. We were a duo. We were just 9 years old on our way to swim practice but it was more than that. It may have been a minor event and not noticed by many others in the neighborhood, but to Maggie and me it might as well have been our debutant ball. We took everything seriously, we had to, Maggie was sick and we were both painfully aware of it.

I was sitting outside the Plexiglas window replaying these moments of our past when I saw Maggie's mom rush out of the room crying. Her face was painted with so much pain. Mrs. Dean seemed to have aged 50 years over night, her pale cheeks reflected off light from all the tears. Her dark blue turtle neck was soaked through with a toxic mixture of sweat and tears, she was unraveling. Maggie and I used to joke about how intense her mom was; she was

always making lists and running errands. She was so tightly pulled together.

"I'm scared." I whispered to no one.

Hours passed like days and with each a part of me broke off and clung to Maggie. I wish I could have given her my heartbeat. Like how my dad used to jump start my brother's car with his car.

Doctors ran past me as if I wasn't even there. The truth was I had left a long time ago. Maybe I was too young to handle it or maybe I just was trying to reach Maggie somehow. Whatever it was it left my face absent of any emotion and my frame sat in the cold metal seat without any signs of life. This couldn't possibly be real, our lives were just beginning.

It was long past dinner time when I finally ventured away from the window. I walked through the halls letting my arms swing aimlessly and carried my head with no purpose. I came to the end of one wing to what looked like another waiting room. The entire room was lined with floor to ceiling glass windows, it resembled a fish tank. I guess it was too late for anyone to be waiting because I was completely alone. The nurse's station was occupied only by the buzzing of the telephone symbolizing a missed call. I pressed my forehead up again the cold glass. I wanted to just break through it and feel. I was lying her and I wanted to escape. I let my eyes drift down to the street 8 stories away from me. I was grabbing for the glass with no success; just streaks of my failure down the pane.

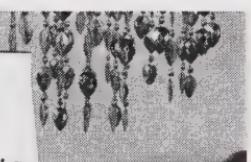
I was crying when I moved my feet up to touch the glass wall. My vision was blurred from the tears and I swear for a second I was flying. Completely alone and stable 8 stories above the busy life below. My flight was cancelled by an intense pain in my chest. It was like some one was cutting me open. I jumped back from the window completely losing my balance and falling flat on my back knocking the breath out of me. I couldn't speak or breathe and with all absence of sound I heard her still. Maggie, it was her laugh. I swear I could hear it, Maggie was laughing. I darted up with a struggle and took off down the hall back towards her room. I took the final corner when I almost mowed down my own father. We regained balance and I focused on his face. I saw tears in his eyes.

"Dad get out of my way...I...I heard Maggie laughing...Dad Maggie's laughing!" I was starting to hyperventilate.  
"Dad move!"

He was holding me so tight I couldn't squirm away without a fight. I finally broke free and ran for Maggie's room. I heard my Dad's quick steps behind me. I hit the Plexiglas with my hands nearly going through.

"Maggie" I coughed out.

It only took a moment for me to understand. I watched as the nurse moved unusually slow. Taking out Maggie's IV and pressing buttons that released a low hum until there was no more noise leaking from them. The doctors had moved on to another hopeful life. Maggie was so still in her bed; her long lean arms lying perfectly straight on either side of her body, her blonde curls evenly parted down the left side just how she usually wore them. Her green eyes were closed and her chest no longer rising and falling with her breath. I watched as Mr. Dean stood beside her, gently lifting her hand to his. He entangled each of his fingers between his daughter's and held tightly for a signal moment. I watched as his other hand clung to his wife's. They were all connected. The air was still and cold and with a bitter sting I inhaled.



Love is the whispering of the wind

The rocking and swaying of ones hips as the tango consumes the spirit

The pain of pierced flesh as the aura intertwines

The deep ache of compassion that engulfs higher thoughts  
The thoughts that are world winds of longing desire

A caress that remains even after a touch has long resided

Kisses that flow over ones essence as endearing as a succulent embrace  
The hand that will follow and lead to the true depths of a fluttering heart

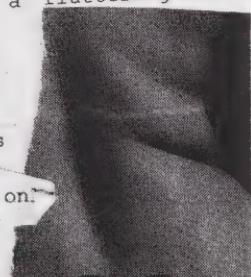
An apology that is the sincerity of the purest touch

For the purity transforms to the adulterated desires that connect to greater avenues of understanding

And such a sin of sweet ambivalence arouses and intrigues

Love is the hearts desires of tainted perfections that can only be understood by the gracious hand of a true love

Amour



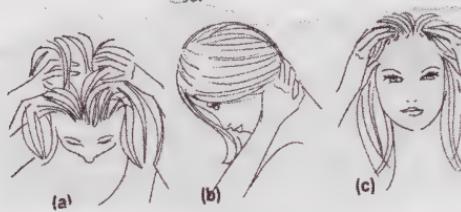


Megan Langlois



### The Whole

Two sides of a whole  
One is sun bright  
The other night dark  
Yet neither is wrong or right  
For they cannot part  
They circle back to the whole



### Ode to a "Nice Guy" Robin Story

Oh what a pretty face you have my dear.  
And a mouth that speaks even prettier lies.  
Your efforts to fool me are quite admirable;  
I had seen none of your tricks before.  
If I didn't know better they might have worked.  
But unfortunately for you darling,  
I am not deceived by outer beauty and pretty words.  
The prettiest things are often the ugliest.  
They capture the eye while they steal the soul.  
But you were right and I am refreshing;  
I am an independent thinker and believer  
But sometimes your best just isn't enough.  
So please try again elsewhere, "nice guy".  
Leave your mark on someone else's heart  
because this one is too wise for that.

Meagan Hightower

### That's My Game

Into the dragon's lair  
I leap in search of  
Adventure, so badly craved.

Love and drama can wait—  
Riches, fame, and wizards oh my word — now  
You're talking!

Thank you for asking, brave knight

But I will go face any  
Challenges without fear and  
Hindrance.

*Tiercel*  
Ali Olney

I have always wanted to learn to hawk,  
To tame something and set it on the sky;  
To batter down a winged close-knit flock  
Of smaller birds, and pluck them where they lie.

I've wanted to hold power in my hand,  
And outfit it with jesses, hood and greaves,  
And keep it on a string too close to land  
Too far away from branches, boughs and leaves.

But maybe that is how I am with you,  
A captive on my wrist without a hope—  
My words your only world, however true,  
My eyes your hood, our lives too-easy rope.

But like a bird, you're held in sway to me:  
Too strong to stay, too weak to be set free.

Megan Langlois

*Envious*

Waves rise to fall to the floor  
As endless as the sky  
From the depths they try

They cannot fly

Yet they say they soar  
What envy we feel

For those who won't kneel

They are free from the confining seal

Yet who knows more?

A new creature in Him  
But old wounds leave scars  
And even with Him,  
I'm afraid there's nothing  
NEW about me.

There is no burden

Too heavy

No problem too big

Or small

For the Cross.

But  
When I pack  
My burdens  
And problems  
In my  
Suitcases  
The sight is overwhelming.  
Does God charge a fee  
For extra baggage?

Nevermind.

I can't even figure  
How I would get it all there  
For Him to deal with.

No, there's nothing new about me.  
That's got to be my failure.  
Not His.

A New Creature  
Dallas Thompson  
in Him



### Untitled

No limitations  
On my expectations  
Of how you plan to make me feel  
Your kisses calm me  
And I can breathe  
The way I did back then

No limitations  
On my expectations  
Of how we plan on living  
A big ol' house  
And you as my spouse  
Living every moment of ~~us~~

No limitations  
On my expectations  
With the way we choose to be  
Kiss my face  
You're warm embrace

I'm loving the pace  
We've decided to take  
With no limitations  
On our expectations  
Of us.

The world through your eyes

I wonder what it's like,  
To live the life you live  
To worry so little  
And to act like a kid  
I see your little black face  
And your messed up teeth  
Any dentist would complain  
But you don't agree  
You're a lovely girl  
Although not at all dainty  
In fact you're quite fat,  
but you're the kind of woman  
Who doesn't worry about that.  
You have no time to worry  
About your silly hair,  
Even though it's going grey.  
You sleep all day  
Waiting for me to get home  
With your curly little tale  
And high pitched little sounds  
Greeting me in the way,  
That makes me feel less alone.  
I wonder what it's like to see the world  
Through your buggy big eyes  
I imagine it's quite distorted  
Then again, maybe it isn't at all.

Samantha Marshall

Untitled

The line between sanity and insanity is blurry for everyone, right... maybe not, maybe that is why I am here, and maybe I have always been here. No that's not true silly; you have not been here forever. You got here Friday night; it is Sunday night, and then comes Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday again. George is working tonight, but that's ok, I'll just go somewhere else when he is in my room.

He comes in like the plague, every evening since the first, no one will believe a crazy girl, he's always reminding me of this, "you tried to kill yourself for attention, and if you say anything everyone will think that's for attention too." I believe him, of course. Who would believe a crazy pillhead who tried to kill herself? He takes his time once he's here; there is no reason to rush. Where will I go tonight?

Pop-pop, is that you? I'm so glad you could come. I have missed you so much. Yes I am doing work, you know I graduated college last May and I have a job. The pay is alright, you know Pop-pop it could always be better. Dan is fine; we are going to start a family soon. He needs to get his degree first. Don't you worry pop-pop you'll have great-grand kids. Have I told you how important you are to me? You are the reason I went to college and why I graduated! Dan loves you too. I really love that you came to visit. I know the drive must have been hard. I'm sure I will see you soon.

And it's over, almost too quickly. As George cleans himself, I lay there wishing my dream were a reality, wishing my grandfather wasn't dead. I know my grandfathers dead, damn it, and of course I know what is being done, doesn't that make me sane enough to leave? There is nothing left to do but sleep now.

"Anne, wake up. The social worker is here to speak with you."

I wonder what time it is, weirdly enough they let me keep Dan's watch, it's funny that they couldn't think of a new and inventive way for me to use it in a suicide attempt.

It's 7 am, the drugs they give me make me sleepy, I'm not used to non-recreational drug use.

So I walk in, still wearing my pajamas, after all, who am I impressing? The social worker is a black middle-aged woman who looks like she already doesn't believe a word I'm going to tell her. Maybe she's thinking, "Here comes another upper-middle class teenager who thinks she has it rough". I'm not going to change her mind. She probably does think I'm a teenager, they won't let us have make up and my average age guess is 16, which is flattering when you are 24.

The questions begin:

"How old are you?"

"24"

"Oh, you look younger than that!"

(See what I mean fair reader?)

"How are you feeling today?"

"All right, better than yesterday" (always say "better than yesterday").

"And your appetite?"

"It's good, I would like breakfast" (Lies).

"Have you taken any drugs that we have not given you in the past 24 hours?"

"Nope, how would I?" (Dan snuck me 2 painkillers at the family visit, which I'm sure some would find counter productive, but they don't know the pain I feel).

She continues:

"You would be surprised, people find ways."

"No, I'm not on anything, but what you people give me."

"Have you had unprotected sex in the past month?"

"I'm married, but I guess so, with my husband."

"You're married? You look so young."

"It's all in my chart, I mean someone already asked all of this on Friday, can't you just look it up?"

"That was the weekend staff, I'm your real social worker, I need to ask it again."

"So what have the past few days been?"

"Nothing can happen on the weekends, there is a limited staff."

"Alright, well, have you received my letter, the thing I signed that says you need to release me in the next 3 days or give me a reason to keep me?"

"Yes we have, and it's interesting why you would sign that so early in your stay."

"Because I want to leave."

"Fine. Lets move on, why isn't your nose ring out?"  
"It'll close, weekend staff said I could keep it." (It  
won't close, but I like it, I lied because I need to feel  
like me).  
"Alright, but you'll need to give up your engagement ring.  
I can not believe someone didn't catch that before!"  
"Okay." (I know I can't win on this one, I was warned to  
hide it, and it's my own fault they found it).  
"That's all for now."  
"Okay, thanks have a good day!" (Always, always thank  
them).

The day is such a routine, group work, talk about our  
feelings, meal, more group, more talking, personal time,  
meal, group, talk.

"So why did you try to kill yourself?"  
"I don't know, I felt overwhelmed, it was an over  
reaction."

"And how do you feel now?"  
"Good, I'm ready to go home." (This place is driving me  
insane, if I don't leave soon, I will never be myself. Who  
am I now, why am I here. Dan thought it would be a good  
idea after he found me vomiting up the pills I used to try  
to kill myself. Stupid Dan, how could he know how awful  
this place would be? Maybe he did know! Maybe he is  
punishing me for trying to kill myself, or maybe he doesn't  
love me anymore. He may be with someone else! How would I  
know, I'm stuck in this shit hole).  
"Anne?"  
"What?"

"I asked you how you tried to kill yourself."  
"Oh, I told you, pills."  
"What kinds of pills?"

"Sleeping pills."  
"And then what happened?"

"Then I threw up, and then Dan took me here."

Meal, group, talk.

I can't eat this food. It's awful. It tastes like depressed  
people. Maybe they mash us up in the back, maybe it's only  
the ones who wouldn't take the pills they give us, or maybe  
it's the girls who speak up about George force fucking  
them.

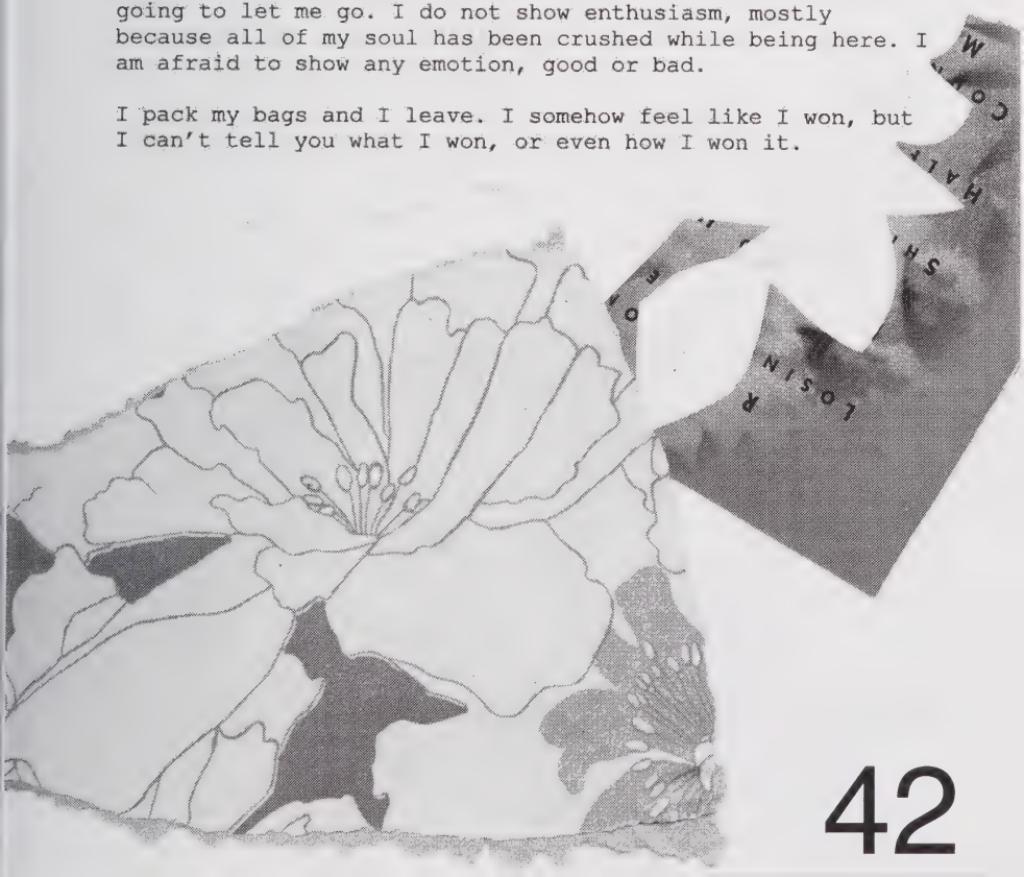
Lying is the only way I can get out if I tell them I'm

fine maybe someday I will be, I can't take another "late night meeting." I need to get out now, but it's too late now, it's already evening and George is working tonight.

He arrives right on time, but this time it's different, I'm not going anywhere tonight. I'm staying for the whole damn disguising show (even though it's not so long). He makes some snide remarks about how inept I am, how broken and worthless I am and maybe he is right. Something has changed though, and I may be broken but I'm strong, I sit there through it all, no need to escape, I have found power in being able to take what this horrible creature gives me.

In the morning the doctor informs me that my seventy-two hour notice form is up, and they have to release me or commit me, and because I have acted out in no way they are going to let me go. I do not show enthusiasm, mostly because all of my soul has been crushed while being here. I am afraid to show any emotion, good or bad.

I pack my bags and I leave. I somehow feel like I won, but I can't tell you what I won, or even how I won it.



LaToya E. Stringfield

## EMBRACE ME!

CARESS  
my classified and  
PLAY  
with my personal.  
KISS

On my unknown, while you  
STROKE

My secrets.

EXPLORE  
My unseen and  
TASTE  
My incognito  
PRESS

My unrevealed, while you  
GRIP

My undefined...  
EMBRACE ME!

Megan Lamn  
*Ghost*

In this bed for two, You and me  
three of us lie. You and me  
and the ghost of her.

Discovery..

The discovery of Anglo ideals that there was a "supreme race".

Holding us politically, economically, and socially responsible

For a biological occurrence we have no control over.

The idea that a physical characteristic can determine the worth of

These ideas slowly devoured our identity like a snake devours its prey.

a person,  
a soul.

A mind set.

You demean our intelligence,

You attack our culture,

You extinguish our language.

You exploit our earth and labor.

This in the name of God and religion.

Igniting the fuel for the fire,

Fear.

Discovery...

My discovery:

The discovery of Truth.

The discovery of Love.

The discovery of Life.

Believing a faith that's all your own.

Not because someone told you to.

Not because someone says it's right.

But because you know your passion for it.

Embracing individuality,

uniqueness.

It's ok to be different.

Our differences make us one.

We are all human.

We all feel pain and love.

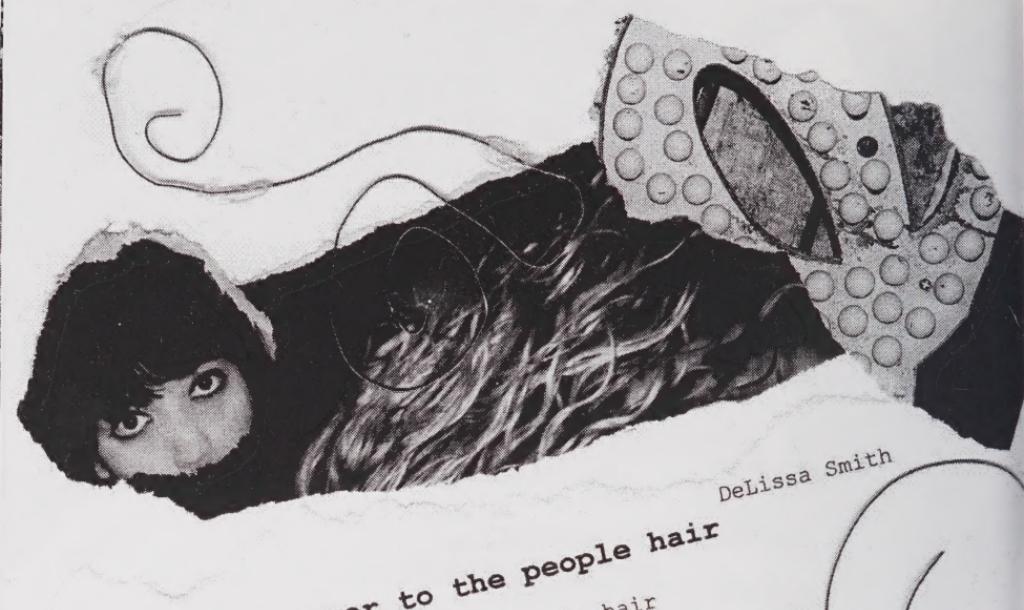
Despair and hardships.

Good days and bad days.

And history tells our stories.

Will history repeat itself?

What's your discovery?



## DeLissa Smith

### Girl with the power to the people hair

To the girl with the power to the people hair  
What are you fighting for?  
I am fighting for my people  
Who are your people, my people, all of my people  
My people who look like me, think like me, care for me  
My people who impact my life, change the world, makes a  
difference  
My people who understand my struggle, face social injustice,  
lack self-esteem  
They are my people, you are my people, we are my people  
So the girl with the power to the people hair ask you  
Will you fight with me, for me, against me?

First Day of School

Courtney Williams

The young girl steps out of the car  
Her face shimmers as the sun beams down  
Today is the first day of school.

Here at the University of Arts, she attends,  
She doesn't have to surf the crowd  
She knows everyone.

She does not have to get mixed up  
In the jumble of classes,  
She walks to her stage.

Her pose:  
An arabesque.  
She is gracious.

Molly is a ballerina,  
A figurine,  
A statue.

Untitled

Roshunta Cochrane

I have not the heart to spare for anyone else to come along to  
break it

Its too fragile and couldn't bare another rip to it.

I'll give the best of me to offer, however in my case the heart  
will not be included

I just simply cannot offer you something broken  
But u can have my smiles, and all other things that me  
endearing, just not the most important thing

Just as soon as I have mended it back together, I 'll let you  
hold it, and then eventually you could keep it company until one  
day I just decide that it can just stay. but today is not that  
day, I'm working on it though ,would mind keeping me company  
while I sew?

